

NEW SERIES.

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
AND
PHILADELPHIA REPORTER.



Devoted to Literature, Piety, Morals, Arts, Domestic Economy, Humor, Pathos, Criticism, Poetry, News, &c.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three dollars per Year, or One dollar per Quarter,
payable in advance.

Prospectus.

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF PHILADELPHIA.

According to notice given in our last, the "Ladies' Literary Museum," will be continued under the above title-alliance. As the "New Series" will produce considerable change in the plan heretofore pursued, a development of the path we propose to enter for the future, will undoubtedly be expected. In compliance therefore with this custom, we proceed to state, that the "*Lady's and Gentleman's Museum*," will be conducted on the original plan of the "Ladies' Museum," excepting the addition of such subjects as may tend to make it more generally USEFUL, to the polite scholar and the scientific reader. A portion of our pages will therefore still be devoted to *amusement*,—humor, wit, anecdotes, poetry, fashions, pathetic and sentimental tales, fragments, &c. But a part must also be given to *Didactic Essays*,—piety, morals, political events, literary notices, domestic and foreign intelligence, and such articles of News as may be deemed interesting to all classes of readers. By appropriating the paper in this manner,

N^o 1.

to such a variety of subjects, we shall avoid that sameness of literary 'levity' too often observed in our former volumes, and considerably curtail the department of this pleasing, but unprofitable, reading. But as the "meek-soul'd maid" voluntarily relinquishes half her own single enjoyments and interests, for the sake of her lover, when he becomes her husband, so, we hope, our fair readers will readily dispense with a few flowers in the garden of amusement, for the sake of reaping a more useful harvest in the cultivated fields of edification and knowledge.

With this brief statement of our views, we commence our labors, with a new hope, and revived expectations, of success; founded on the well known liberality of the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia, to encourage every work that proves worthy of their support. Firmly relying on this fact, so well established, we respectfully submit this first No. as a specimen of the New Series, and wait the determination of a candid and generous public.

(P Subscriptions (on the above Terms) thankfully received by the editor,

H. C. LEWIS,

No. 164, south Eleventh street.

July 27th, 1818.

Vol. III.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

Not generally known.

A lady writes, in a letter from Canton, lately received, that, about four miles from the city of Johol, in China, there is an immense pillar of a high mountain, and very near the verge of it, from which it rises, in an irregular manner, to the height of four hundred feet. It is small of its base, but gradually enlarges towards its summit; and from many of its projecting parts issue streams of the finest water, which, falling from so many sources, and from such a stupendous height, give the whole a glittering appearance in the sun, which is almost indescribable. The upper part of this enormous rock, which is rather flat, appears to be covered with shrubs and verdure; but, as it is absolutely inaccessible, there is no possibility of knowing the kind of plants which crown it. It is esteemed, and with great propriety, by the Chinese, as among the first natural curiosities of their country, and is known by the name of Pansuiashaung.

A gentleman in the suite of the late embassy to the king of Candahar, remarks, in a letter lately received from Calcutta, that, in an excursion to the westward of Cabul, the suite passed a tree of prodigious height. Some of the natives assured them that it was not of an uncommon growth, as in the interior they may be found in great abundance. According to an elevation, this stupendous work of Nature measured, in height, one hundred and seventy-eight feet: it was of a kind named by natives the white gum, which they esteem as an antidote against certain degrees of contagion. The natives had notched this tree for the purposes of climbing, as it grows remarkably straight, when young, to the height of ninety-six feet, before the tree attains its first shoot or branch.

At Naples, in the church of the Minims, there is an agate on the altar-piece; which perfectly represents a St. Francis, with his beard, capuchin, &c., all in their proper colors. At the church of Bethlem, there are several columns of transparent jasper, on which are naturally portrayed the figures of a variety of birds, fishes, fruits, and other objects. There is also a fine transparent Indian stone, of various colors, which, when exposed to the beams of the sun, displays a man mounted on an elephant: the man wears a blue turban, and is habited in a Morocco dress, as red as scarlet.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ICE FOX.

During my abode, (says Steller,) on Behring's island, I had opportunities, more than enough, of studying the nature of this animal, far excelling the common fox in impudence, cunning, and roguery. The narrative of the innumerable tricks they played us, might easily vie with Albertus Julius's history of the apes in the island of Saxenburg. They forced themselves into our habitations by night as well as by day, stealing all they could carry off, even things that were of no use to them, as knives, sticks, clothes, &c. They were so inconceivably ingenious, as to roll down our casks of provisions, several poods in weight, and then steal the meat out of them so ably, that, at first, we could not bring ourselves to ascribe the thefts to them. As we were stripping an animal of its skin, it often happened that we could not avoid stabbing two or three foxes, from their rapacity in tearing the flesh out of our hands. If we buried it ever so carefully, and added stones to the weight of earth that was upon it, they not only found it out, but shoved away the stones, as men would have done, with their shoulders plying under them, helping one another with all their might. If, thinking to secure it, we put any on the top of a high post in the air, they grubbed up the earth at the bottom, so that the post and all came tumbling down; or one of them clambered up, and threw down what was upon it with incredible artifice and dexterity. They watched all our motions, and accompanied us in whatever we were about to do. If the sea threw up an animal of any kind, they devoured it before a man of us could come up, to our great disadvantage; and, if they could not consume it all at once, they trailed it away, in portions, to the mountains, where they buried it under stones before our eyes, running to and fro, as long as any thing remained to be conveyed away: while this was doing, others stood on the guard, and watched us. If they saw any one coming at a distance, the whole troop combined at once, and began digging altogether in the sand, till they had so fairly put a beaver or a sea-bear under the surface, that not a trace of it was to be seen. In the night-time, when we slept in the field, they came and pulled off our night-caps, and stole our gloves from under our heads, with the beaver coverings, &c.: in consequence of which, we always slept with clubs in our hands,

that if they should awake us, we might drive them away, or knock them down.

When we made a halt to rest by the way, they gathered around us, and played a thousand tricks in our view; and, when we sat still, they approached us so near, that they gnawed the thongs of our shoes. If we lay down, as if intending to sleep, they came and smelled our noses, to try whether we were dead or alive; if we held our breath, they gave such a tug to the nose, as if they would bite it off. On our first arrival, they bit off the noses, fingers, and toes of our dead, while we were preparing the grave; and thronged in such a manner about the infirm and sick, that it was with difficulty we could keep them off. Every morning we saw these audacious animals patrolling about among sea-lions and sea-bears lying on the strand, smelling at such as were asleep, to discover whether some of them might not be dead: if that happened to be the case, they proceeded to dissect him immediately; and, presently after, all were at work in dragging the parts away. Because the sea-lions, at night, in their sleep, frequently overlay their young, they examine, as if conscious of that circumstance, every morning, the whole herd of them, one by one, and immediately drag away the dead cubs from their dams.

Seeing, now, that they would not suffer us to be at rest night or day, we were, in fact, so exasperated at them, that we killed them, young and old, and plagued them by every means we could devise. When the party awoke in the morning, there always lay two or three at our feet, that had been knocked on the head by some of us in the night; and I can safely affirm, that, during my stay on the island, I slew above two hundred myself. The third day after my arrival, I knocked down, within the space of three hours, upwards of seventy of them with a club. They were so ravenous, that, with one hand, if we held to them a piece of flesh, they would come to it, altho we might have a stick or axe in the other to knock them on the head.

When these busy animals could not get hold of what they wanted, as the clothes we put off, &c., one of them would void upon it, and all the others which passed would do the same. From all circumstances, it was clear to us, that they had very little communication with human beings, and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience.

In October and November, they, like the other

foxes, were the most sleek, and full of hair; in January and February the growth of it is too thick; in April and May they begin to shed their coats; in June and July they had only wool on them, and looked as if they went in waistcoats. In June they drop their cubs, nine or ten in a brood, in holes and cliffs of the rocks. They are so fond of their young, that, to scare us away, they would bark and yelp like dogs, and thereby betrayed their coverts. This mode of preserving their young, probably, has procured them the name of ice or rock foxes. No sooner do they perceive that their retreat is discovered, than, unless disturbed, they drag away the young in their mouths, and hide them in a more secret place. On killing the young, the dam follows the slayer with grievous howlings, day and night, for a hundred and more versts, and never ceases, until she has played her enemy some trick, or is killed by him.

In storms, and heavy falls of snow, they bury themselves in the snow, and lie still, as long as it lasts. They swim across rivers with great agility; will sieze the sea-fowl, by night, on the cliffs, when they have settled to sleep; but are themselves frequently victims to the birds of prey. These animals, which are now in such inexpressible numbers on the island, were, most probably, conveyed there (since there is no other land animal in it) from the Continent, on the drift ice; and have been nourished by the great quantity of animal substances thrown up by the sea.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

The Kaleidoscope, at present, occupies general attention. It is an optical instrument of the most fascinating and almost magical nature. The pleasing effect of it arising from a succession of reflection, by which the objects, even should they possess no individual beauty, by their arrangement in hexagonal, pentagonal, and other forms, acquire a most interesting 'tout ensemble,' with a variety which may be regarded as infinite, as it is probable that the identical picture in all its circumstances will never present itself to the eye a second time. When the shapeless and indifferent nature of the materials, is contrasted with their *beauty in order*, resulting from their successive reflections, it is a most striking illustration of "order out of chaos."

A calculation has been made, that, supposing the instrument to contain 20 objects, and 10 changes to be made in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,899,576 years and 360 days to go thro the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing.

Philadelphia:

MONDAY, JULY 27, 1818.

OBITUARY.

"Oh! the soft commerce! Oh! the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and draw off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live!
And is it then to live? When such friends part
Tis the survivor dies!"... *Young.*

DIED, on the 18th inst. about half past nine o'clock, P. M. Mr. **SAMUEL HARRISON**, Engraver, in the 30th year of his age.

An amiable wife, in the morning of her happiness, with two fatherless children in her arms, survives this transitory existence only to mourn the untimely loss of one of the best of men, as a husband, a father, and a friend: in which latter character his numerous acquaintances must feel their bereavement with a regret which can only be equalled by the distress of the afflicted widow:

"Bosom torn

"From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead."

As an eminent artist, of the most industrious character, as one whose close application to the perfection of his talents, and fulfilment of his engagements, the scientific world will experience a loss which cannot be readily supplied. As the just man of business, the affectionate husband and father, and the *voluntary* friend, his memory will be cherished as long as friendship or gratitude can be found among men.

— At the city of Washington, on the 15th inst. Mrs. *Catharine Simmons*, in her 76th year.

— On Wednesday last, *Miss Maria M. Meeker*, of this city.

MARRIED, Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Janeway, Mr. Hamilton L. Glenn, printer, to Miss Rebecca Oswald, both of this city.

— At Trenton, N. J. Mr. Wilson Lambert to Miss Sarah Ridgway, late of this city.

The daughter of a British nobleman, and wife of a major in the army, was to make her debut at the theatre in Belfast in May last. Her resolution to appear before the public has been taken with the hope of relieving her husband from pecuniary embarrassment. We learn, she has an excellent knowledge of music and a fine voice; and that it is her determination, if successful on the British boards, to visit this country.

In Ireland, Wm. Anderson was lately fined 20 shillings, for kissing a servant maid in the street, in the day time!

R. Wain and J. C. Verplank, esqs. in conjunction with Judge Cooper, and other gentlemen, have engaged, it is said, to contribute in future to the *Analectic* magazine.

Five thousand guineas are demanded for the copy-right of the *Life of Savary, Duke of Rovigo*. The author's name is not mentioned; we believe it to be by Savary himself.

In Galloway, Ireland, the wife of a Mr. Ferguson was delivered of four children; but they all died in an hour.

Major-gen. Jackson says, in a letter, that "In the Muckasuky town we discovered evidences of hostility for many years: upwards of 600 scalps were found; about 50 suspended on a painted war-pole on the public square, fresh, and of every description, from the tender infant to the aged mother."

Lead ore has been discovered within a few miles of Baltimore.

The spots upon the sun's disc observed this year, are equal to twice the diameter of the earth.

A Theatre is about being erected at St. Louis, Missouri territory.

In the Sunday schools of Philadelphia, 5970 pupils are gratuitously instructed, by 556 teachers.

The principal of the Connecticut school fund, 15th May last, amounted to \$1,608,673 and 88 cts.

Fifteen thousand children are educated in charity schools in Liverpool, England.

A Catholic church is established at Detroit, and another in Ohio: the priests have arrived there. Bishop Fluet has the general charge.

Five religious females, of the congregation of the *Sacre Cœur*, have sailed from Bordeaux for Louisiana, with the intention of founding schools. The abbe Martial sailed in the same vessel to join the bishop of Louisiana, and was accompanied by two other ecclesiastics.

Bernadotte was crowned, early last May, king of Sweden.

[By our Letter-Box.]

MR. LEWIS,

In your last number, I observe that you contemplate changing the plan of your paper. I must say that I do not admire your manner of addressing the Fair, as you term us, although, at the same time, I regret that you have any cause for complaint. The manner in which the Museum has been conducted merits approbation, and I am surprised that sufficient encouragement has not been afforded to continue it on the original plan.

From your address, it would be surmised, that the 'Fair' are solely devoted to 'one particular path of literature,' or, in other words, that they are exclusively attached to novel and other frivolous reading. This is not a general rule. For my own part, (and I know it to be the case with the majority of my acquaintance) although pleased, at times, with works of fiction, yet, generally, I prefer the perusal of books of real utility.

In your new career, you will, I think, find greater difficulty in pleasing the gentlemen than us ladies. A greater diversity will be required, and you will soon perceive that the men are more fastidious, and not so easily intellectually accommodated as the women. Your intention to 'unite the interests of the two sexes' will meet with general approbation, and I confidently expect that the 'Fair' will continue to receive their full proportion of articles suited to their taste in the columns of your useful paper. I am, neither

A disappointed Old Maid, nor A Repentant Nun.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

It is a fact which ought to be known to all housewives, that if they begin to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout; whereas the same nutmeg, grated from the other end, would have proved sound and solid to the last. The centre of a nutmeg consists of a number of fibres issuing from the stalk and its continuation, through the centre of the fruit, the other ends of which fibres, though closely surrounded and pressed by the fruit, do not adhere to it. When the stalk is grated away, those fibres having lost their hold, gradually drop out, and the nutmeg appears hollow; and as more of the stalk is grated away, others drop out in succession, and the hollow continues through the whole nut. By be-

ginning at the contrary end, the fibres above-mentioned are grated off at their core end with the surrounding fruit, and do not drop out and cause a hole. Another circumstance worth notice, is, that in consequence of the great value of the oil of nutmegs, it is often extracted from the nuts that are exposed to sale, by which they are rendered of very little value. To ascertain the quality of nutmegs, force a pin into them, and if good, however dry they may appear, there will be seen oozing out all round the pin, from the narrow crevice her nameless child above!

Led by his natal star, she trod
His path to Heaven; the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment shall declare.

On reading the preceding, by E. T. Pilgrim, esq.

No frantic "grief," nor anxious "love,"
Appear'd before the throne:
Her cherub flew to realms above,
Chaunting "Thy will be done." *

To those blest words, devoid of guile,
A look benign was given;
Attending angels saw the smile,
And caught her up to heaven.

* Said by the princess when told of its death.

afterwards mixed in hard water if they have no other, before they have their linen washed: the quantity of soap will not only be diminished by ameliorating the hard water, but the color of the linen really improved.

Receipt for destroying flies without the use of poison.—Take a half tea spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea spoonful of brown sugar and one table spoonful of cream. Mix them well together, and place them in the room on a plate where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

Cure for the Tooth Ache.—Procure a plate, filled with water, and place a substance in it to rest a heated iron (a common box smoothing iron heater will answer) put about a quarter of an ounce of henbane seed on the hot iron, and cover it with a large funnel, the end of which is to be held in the mouth: the fumes of the seed will extract worms and effectually cure the tormenting pain. The operation does not give the slightest uneasiness.

Elegant Pathetic Extract of a letter from a wife to an absent husband.

I feel myself dying: I am going to my children, who beckon me to follow them, and we shall all of us rest in the same grave. Your days belonged to me; I now resign them to my daughter. Caroline survives, and will remain with you to supply my affection. Think not so much of my loss, as of those regions of felicity where I await you.

AMELIA.

Is it then to live? When such friends part
Tis the survivor dies! "... Young.

DIED, on the 18th inst. about half past nine o'clock, P. M. Mr. SAMUEL HARRISON, Engraver, in the 30th year of his age.

An amiable wife, in the morning of her happiness, with two fatherless children in her arms, survives this transitory existence only to mourn the untimely loss of one of the best of men, as a husband, a father, and a friend: in which latter character his numerous acquaintances must feel their bereavement with a regret which can only be equalled by the distress of the afflicted widow:

DELLA

Pleasing Reflections.

Why is the mind, when endued with what is called taste, delighted with extravagant flights in poetry, extraordinary metaphors, excesses in grammar, chromatics in music, &c.? How come we to be charmed with things which offend common sense, or shock the natural ear? And from what turn of caprice does it proceed, that the very errors and faults of some of the arts and sciences, are esteemed beauties? Nay, to show that taste is not only above, but even sometimes averse from rational admiration, we need but recollect the pleasure we receive from viewing some of the deformities of nature, such as huge rocks, precipices, &c. and at the same time remember, that we are sensible of a certain horror during the contemplation.

The malicious censures of our enemies, if we make a right use of them, may prove of more advantage to us than the civilities of our best friends.

A mediocrity in writing, is quicker perceived in poetry, than in any thing else, I would rather *buoy* in the surface sometimes, than always *anchor* in the mud.

Is not a child's grief for the loss of its dinner, more severe than a man's? In proportion as our reason improves, and our sentiments refine, the poignancy of disappointment appears more blunt. There is an alleviating resource, a kind of self-soothing consolation, in the very distresses of delicate minds, the refinement of which would be but poorly exchanged for 'the broadest unfeeling folly wears.' But the disappointments of mere natural appetites of children, have no resource, no alleviation: How much more to be pitied then!

Life is a picture; fortune the frame; but misfortune the shade: the first is only its intrinsic ornament; but the latter, if well sustained, forms the intrinsic merit, by giving a bolder relief to the figures.

An Irish shopkeeper being cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whiskey and leaving a jar of water in its place, described her as speaking a strange dialect—neither Irish nor English. A punster said, he had reason to complain of the *jar-gone*.

An old continental soldier arrived at an inn, and asked for refreshment. The hostess set before him a bone of ham and a crust of bread. Her son, who had been an officer, gave the poor fellow a shilling, and when he had done picking, bade him march off. Soon after, the old lady came in to look after her pay. 'Mother,' says the officer, 'what might the picking of that bone be worth?' 'Why, about one and six pence, these hard times.' 'Well,' cries the humane son, 'I have made a fine bargain, and saved six pence, for I gave him but a shilling to pick the whole.'

As a country schoolmaster was hobbling one day to his school-room, he was met by a nobleman, who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, 'and I am master of this parish.' 'Master of this parish!' observed the peer, 'how can that be?' 'I am master of the children,' said the man, 'the children are masters of their mothers; the mothers are the rulers of the fathers; and consequently, I am master of the whole parish.'

The following beautiful effusions of true poetical genius, we extract from the London edition of "Memoirs of the princess Charlotte, which, from their intrinsic merits, rarely met with in this age, cannot be otherwise than greatly acceptable to all admirers of the muse.

Lines written the day after the funeral of the princess, by Thomas Campbell, esq.

Oh! Britain, now thy chief, thy people, mourn,
And Claremont's house of love is left forlorn;
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
Th'escutcheon glooms—and royalty hath felt
A grief that every bosom feels its own—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown!
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonised husband's side,
Who, long as memory holds her seat, shall view
That speechless, more than spoken, last adieu!
When the first eye long lookt connubial faith,
And beam'd affection in the trance of death.

Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd,
While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
And banner'd arch of England's chivalry—
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
The sacred march, the sable-vested wall—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallow'd as the types of real wo.
Daughter of England! for a nation's sighs
A nation's heart went with thy obsequies;
And oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful as brief.

Fair Spirit! send thy blessing from above
To realms where thou art canonis'd by love;
Give to a husband's, father's, bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind;—
To us, that in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, yet a soul-ennobling zeal,
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast:
Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb,
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom—
They shall describe thy life, thy form portray;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
Tis not in language or expressive arts
To paint—ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts!

On the Royal Infant, by J. Montgomery, esq.

A throne on earth awaited thee,
A nation long'd to see thy face;
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mightier race.

Vain hope! that throne thou must not fill,
Thou shalt that nation ne'er behold;
Thine ancient house is heilless still,
Thy line will never be unroll'd.

Yet while we mourn thy flight from earth,
Thine was a destiny sublime:
Caught up to Paradise in birth,
Snatcht by eternity from time!

The mother knew her offspring dead—
Oh! was it grief, or was it love,
That broke her heart?—the spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above!

Led by his natal star, she trod
His path to Heaven; the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment shall declare.

On reading the preceding, by E. T. Pilgrim, esq.

No frantic "grief," nor anxious "love,"
Appear'd before the throne:
Her cherub flew to realms above,
Chaunting "Thy will be done."*

To those blest words, devoid of guile,
A look benign was given;
Attending angels saw the smile,
And caught her up to heaven.

* Said by the princess when told of its death.

To a gentleman who thought that a certain beautiful young lady had too much of the coquette in her behavior.

Why blame Eliza that she darts
The smiles of love on every swain;
Why grieve because so many hearts
With pleasure wear her golden chain?

Ah! William, if on you her eye
Should pour its undivided light,
Soon from the flame you'd wish to fly
And save your heart by flight.

The summer sun's diffusive blaze,
Gives life to many a blooming rose;
But quickly its converging rays
Would wither every flower that blows.

Then with a grateful bosom own
The mercy of th'unnival'd fair:
The blaze too great for one alone,
She bids a hundred lovers share.

To a French lady learning English.

The English accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire:
Scholars like you, but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb "I LOVE."

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